

Rates of Advertising.

One square, (or less) 3 insertions,	\$1.00
Each additional insertion,	.40
Three months,	8.00
Six months,	15.00
Twelve months,	28.00
One fourth of column per year,	15.00
Half "	18.00
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All over square charged as two squares.
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JOB WORK

executed at this office with neatness and dispatch, at the lowest possible rates.

Poetical.

From the Louisville Journal.
 Away, Away, with the Bridal Veil.

BY MARY A. REEVES.

AWAY, AWAY, with the bridal veil,
 And the orange garland fair,
 For the smooth young brow is cold and pale
 That we destined these to wear.
 And the slender form is still and low,
 Which we thought would be this night
 Arrayed in those robes of spotless snow
 And decked with those jewels bright.

We'll wrap her form in the winding sheet,
 And a rose-bud white shall rest
 (Of her own pure life an emblem sweet)
 On her cold and pale breast.
 Her sunny locks we will leave as free
 As they were in by-gone days,
 When she tossed them back in girlish glee
 From her fair and smiling face.

Oh, then away with the bridal veil,
 And the orange garland fair,
 For the smooth young brow is cold and pale
 That we destined these to wear.
 And the crimson lip and eye of blue
 No longer of love may speak,
 And gone is the trembling, wild-rose hue
 That played on her cheek and lip.

The angel hands in the world above
 Have welcomed a sister home,
 And bright is she in that land of love,
 Where the ill of earth no more come.
 Away, away with the wedding ring
 And the bridal robes of white,
 For her brow is now a diadem,
 And her robes are like the light.

But there is one who will see her rest
 In her silent beauty there,
 With speechless love in his aching breast,
 And a look of mute despair.
 He will come with his heart to claim
 His lovely and youthful bride;
 He will go again, but not as he came
 With a soul of joy and pride.

He will go with a weary, weary heart
 To mourn for the treasure fled,
 To bear in his breast grief's poisoned dart,
 And wish that he, too, were dead.
 Oh, joy for the young bride, pure and bright,
 And the angelic legends bright,
 But woe for him on whose soul the blight
 Of a mourner's grief doth rest.

Miscellaneous.

COL. CRICKLEY'S HORSE.

I have never been able to ascertain the cause of the quarrel between the Crickleys and the Drakes. They had lived within a mile of each other in Illinois for five years, and from their first acquaintance, there had been a mutual feeling of dislike between the two families. Then some misunderstanding about the boundary of their respective farms, revealed the latent flame, and Col. Crickley having followed a lame buck all one afternoon and wounded him, came up to him and found old Drake and his son cutting him up. This incident added fuel to the fire, and from that time there was nothing the two families did not do to annoy each other. They shot each other's ducks in the river, purposely mistaking them for wild ones, and then by way of retaliation, commenced killing off each other's pigs and calves.

One evening Mr. Drake the elder, was returning home with his "pocket full of rocks," from Chicago, when he had been to dispose of a load of grain. Sam Barton was with him on the wagon, and as they approached the grove which intervened between them and Mr. Drake's house, he observed to his companion:

"What a beautiful mark Col. Crickley's old Roan is over yonder!"

"Hang it!" muttered old Drake, "so it is. The horse was standing under some trees, about twelve rods from the road. This involuntary, Drake stopped his team. He glanced furtively around, then with a queer smile the old hunter took up his rifle from the bottom of the wagon, and raising it to his shoulder, drew a sight on the Colonel's horse. "Beautiful!" muttered Drake lowering his rifle with the air of a man resisting a powerful temptation. "I could drop old Roan so easy!"

"Shoot," suggested Sam Barton, who loved fun in any shape.

"No, no, 'twouldn't do," said the old hunter, glancing cautiously around him again.

"Won't tell," said Sam.

"Wal, I won't shoot this time, any way, tell or no tell. The horse is too high. If he was fifty rods off instead of twelve, so there'd be a bare possibility of mistaking him for a deer. Let fly. As it is, I'd give the Colonel five dollars for a shot at him."

At that moment the Colonel himself stepped from behind a big oak, not half a dozen paces distant, and stood before Mr. Drake.

"Well, why don't you shoot?"

The old man stammered in some words in confusion.

"That you Colonel. I-I was tempted to I declare. And as I said, I'll give you a 'V' for one pull."

"Say an 'X' and its a bargain!"

Drake felt of his rifle, and looked at old Roan.

"How much is the horse worth?" he muttered in Sam's ear.

"About \$50."

"Gad, Col. I'll do it. Here's your 'X'!"

The Colonel, took and pocketed the money, muttering:

"Hanged if I thought you'd take me up."

With high glee, the old hunter put a fresh cap on his rifle, stood up in his wagon, and drew a close sight at old Roan. Sam Barton checked: The Col. put his hand before his face and chuckled too.

"Crack!" went the rifle. The hunter tore out a horrid oath, which I will not repeat. Sam was astonished. The Colonel laughed. Old Roan never stirred.

Drake started at his rifle with a face as black as Othello's.

"What's the matter with you, hey? Put time you ever sawed me quite such a trick, I sware!"

And Drake loaded the piece with great wrath and indignation.

"People said you'd lost your nack o' shooting," observed the Colonel in a cutting tone of satire.

"Who said so? It's a lie!" thundered Drake.

"A horse at ten rods! ha! ha!"

Drake was livid.

"Look yere Colonel, I can't stand that!" he began.

"Never mind, the horse can," answered the Col. "I'll risk you."

Grinding his teeth, Drake produced another ten dollar bill.

EATON DEMOCRAT.

BY W. C. GOULD.

"Fearless and Free."

\$1.50 per Annum in Advance.

New Series.

EATON. PREBLE COUNTY, O. JULY 13, 1851.

Vol. 11, No. 6.

DEATH IN THE ATTIC.

Darkness rests like a pall upon the streets, which are now deserted. The busy throng which has swept the thoroughfares until late at night, has ceased to flow, and the great metropolis no longer throbs its living life through the accustomed arteries. The snow has been falling fast an hour, and the sharp gusty wind sweeps round the corner and goes wailing down the dim avenues as if sorrowing for human woe. The lamp lights gleam pale and sickly out through the storm. The policeman, or some reveller, and the winds alone disturb the silence that reigns.

Turn downward where the lepers of want and vice have gathered as if in sympathy. The foul crater is active, for its more deadly fumes ascend in the darkness of the night, down below the surface of the earth, are pits, where the ruffian and the vile are at their revels. There is a faint deadly glare from the dirty windows, and in spite of the wintry blast, an occasional breath of the room left meekly beneath. And an occasional hal! to mingle with the shrieking of the wind.

Here is a dark alley scarce wide enough to admit a person; running back where no light beams in upon the impenetrable darkness. The foot strikes a step, and we climb upward upon a creaking flight of stairs. The snow and wind whirled fiercely over the roof and shake the crazy structure to its foundation, but we lean closer to the walls, and mount upward.

Five stories up, and we stand upon the narrow platform and peer down with a whitening brain into the black ocean below. Turning into a narrow hall we stand before a shattered door, revealing a feeble light within. Even in this winter night, the miasma of pollution floats through the building like a pestilence.

What a scene as we enter that chamber! Here poverty and want reign in their ghastly loneliness and solitude. The silence of desolation broods over all, and the faint lamp light flickering to its wane is like the beam which creeps up from the exhalations of the grave. There is not a coal in the grate, nor a chair in the room. The gusts of wind sift the snow through the cracks by the door, and an involuntary chill steals over the surface and then into the heart. Starvation, gaunt, pinched, and spectral, stalks before the imagination and mingles a foetid with every gust that rattles the shattered door.

And do human creatures dwell in such abodes as this?

There is a sound in that dark corner. There is a sound as if a life of agony were at once crushed from the heart. And then a spectre form slowly rises and stalks towards the light. It is a woman, but God! how thin and haggard! A fierce gust shakes the old building. She stands in a listening attitude as its low wail dies away, and then, wildly staring at vacancy, takes her seat mechanically on a box by the light. Her face is thin, and every feature the footprint of unutterable agony. The eyes are sunken and inflamed, but as tearless as her cheek and lip are bloodless. The latter is thin and drawn closely, as if in mortal suffering, pover teeth.

She leans over the waning taper, and takes a garment in her hand upon which she has been sewing. How fearfully tearful and calm she appears. We look until some night-mare fascination chains us to the spot. Save a startling wildness about the eye, it would not seem that those features had ever been stirred by a human passion. She holds her hands towards the light in the attempt to thread her needle, but fails; and still, with her hands extended, stares at the dim taper.

There is a stirring in the heart of rage beside her and the woman starts as if stung by an adder. The faintest flush passes over her cheek, and she mutters to herself as she hurriedly essays to thread her needle.

From that heap of rags a boy has come forth! Child of ten years—he stands before that spectral mother, and in husky whispers asks for bread. She stares strangely into his face, and still almost motionless and shivering with cold, and upon those childish features hunger has written enough to pierce the hardest heart. The very look is hopeless, heart-breaking agony. The child bows his head in that woman's lap with a sob-like moan, and then moves with a languid step to the gate, and lays his fingers already blue with cold, upon the frosty iron. The child causes him to start, and he returns moaning to the woman. The hand has fallen from the needle, and the boy lays his cheek upon it and weeps. She laughs, but it is the low, horrible laugh of the madman.

"Mother, dear mother! give me one mouthful of bread. Don't hear enough where Pa has gone? Mother, will God give me bread if I say my prayers?"

The child kneels, and the prayer his mother taught him comes feebly up against the wall of the lean, and then with weariness and hunger, the little wanderer falls to sleep on his knees, his head on his mother's hand.

That mother smiles as she still stares at vacancy.

The storm has passed, and the morning light of the Sabbath dawns upon the great city. The church bells are pealing out the Sabbath melody, and gay throngs of people are wending along to the richly furnished churches. Here are sheriffs which a queenly envy, and equipages of princely splendor.

Early this Sabbath morning, a cold-hearted landlord goes up the lone stairway for the promised rent and knocks at the door which the reader has already entered. He awaits but a moment and angrily enters.

"No playing games with me, madam. That money or leave. 'Dye hear, woman?"

The ruffian was used to scenes of suffering, but he stared back at the one before him.

"That pale, haggard woman—poor creature! she is seated by the lamp now burned out, the garment and needle in her hand, and that horrible smile upon her features, and that wild eye gazing into vacancy."

The lamp of life, too, had waned during that cold dreary night, and a corpse sat there, holding the needle in the emaciated fingers, and smiling in death. The boy slept against the rigid and pulseless form of the lost, heart-broken, hungered mother.

That day the officer entered the fireless chamber to remove the dead seamstress. In that dark corner, where the woman was first seen, was the husband. He had been a corpse for more than ten days, and she toiling to escape starvation, and watching with the shrouded, unburied dead.

The two found a home and an endless rest in Potter's Field, and the pinched and starved boy bread in the alms-house.

A Genius has invented a spy-glass of wonderful power. He said he looked through it at a third cousin, and his brother him relatively nearer than any of his brothers.

SCENE IN A PRINTING OFFICE.

"Here, You Mister! Did you print that paper?"

"Why—yes, perhaps. What then?"

"How came you for to go for to put in that lie about my aunt?"

"Pray print it out."

"Here 'tis, (reads) 'I warn all person against harboring my wife Dorothy—as she has behaved in a very unbecoming manner,' &c. Now what do you mean by printing such libellous stuff, eh?"

"O! I know nothing about your aunt Dorothy. You must settle the matter with your Uncle Rubab, who signs the notice."

"I must, must I? Well I'll see about it."

"I say, Mr. Editor, why don't you blow up that nuisance that lies here in the street under your own nose, forever?"

"It is enough for me to smell it. Good morning."

"Can I get you to advertise a lot of things I've got to sell?"

"Oh yes—the advertisement ready."

"No—can't you write it for me? I'll tell you what they are. Though, come to think of it, I must go and see if they are all there. You can write, I suppose."

"Well—I'll be back in an hour or two."

"What the old Harry's the reason you don't send my paper?"

"It's the carrier's fault—and his name is Peter not Harry."

"But if he don't stop and leave it next time, I will—that's all."

"Oh, don't—the error shall be corrected."

"You don't expect my sloop, Mister. The sloop Kettle Bottom, from Clam Harbor, Captain Rakes, with a cargo of quahogs—arrived last Sunday."

"That was after the last paper was printed."

"But you might have got it in, for we laid off and on a while twenty four hours."

"O, yes, we might; but you should have got in first."

"Please let me look at your files—say about twenty or eighteen months back. I want to find when old Mrs. Goid died, and who settled her estate."

"By all means. There they are, sit down."

"But you've got better eye-sight than I—Just look over them for me. It won't take more than an hour or so. You see I never knew she was dead, you know—and I expect some of her property."

"Then you should have taken the papers."

"Well, now and then I borrow one at the next door, to send off to cousin Malachi—and that answers my turns."

"You must stop my paper after to-day. I have so much to do that I can spare no time to read it."

"Discontinue my paper if you please, from date. Times are so dull that I must retrench. Sixpence a week comes to a whole dollar in three months."

"Stop sending our paper—Father's gone to the South-West Indies, and mother sends him all the news."

"Don't send any more papers to Peter Grievous in the country."

"But who pays his bill? He is better years in arrears."

"Well, I can't help it. You'd better write to his agent. Maybe he'll pay, if he can."

"That name in the Marriage last week wasn't spelt right. It should have been Melitabel, not Melitabel. Just alter it next time."

"O—to be sure. If we hit the bells, we'll apologize."

"Mr. Printer—My great Uncle died three weeks ago, and you never noticed it."

"How should I record the event without being furnished with the necessary particulars?"

"Just I thought you knew everything."

"This I know, that his stony he would have sent the requisite information to the office had he been aware that such notices are published gratis."

"Will there be a war?"

"I guess not."

"Can I have some handbills struck off?—I have brought on a collection of wax figures as large as life."

The witch of Endor, King Richard with a crooked shin and all the other great men—Please make out a flaming sheet, about two feet long, all full of print. What'll be the damage?"

"Two or three dollars, probably."

"Oh! abominable! Why, I never give but a dollar."

"Sister—brother wadst you to give her a spoonful of printers ink to put on a ring-worm?"

"Just call on the apprentice in the printing office—he'll give you some."

"What, Jid Collins, in there?"

"Yes, yes. But first step into the back-yard and blow your brains out—then go to the—"

Better wait on the cook than on the doctor.

Better lose a supper than take physic.

The comic almanac says: "It takes three springs to make one leap year."

A hope, a sentiment exhibited in the wag of a dog's tail, when he is waiting for a bone.

Children and chickens must always be bickering.

Drink wine and have the gout; drink none, and have it too.

Bat little at Dinner, less at supper, sleep aloft, and live long.

Punch says: "Little children are the lilies of the valleys of life."

The obstinate jurymen who persisted in standing out all night, was badly frost-bitten.

A title is frequently nothing more than the crest stamped on a silver spoon.

Past men, like fast rivers, are generally the shallowest.

Good intentions, like the waxen wings of lears, melt with the morning sun.

The lady who made a dash has since brought her husband to a full stop.

The larger the school fund the less the prison allowance.

Men of profound thoughts and earnest minds are at a great disadvantage with the public.

Love, charity and science can alone make us happy and tranquil in this world.

A godly life is the strongest argument that you can offer to the sceptic.

Preaching is of much avail; but practice is potent.

A Valentine is the first letter which a young girl learns in the alphabet of love.

Better be the cat in a philanthropist's family than a mutton pie at a king's banquet.

MORE CURIOUS INCIDENTS IN JAPAN.

The American squadron carried out a railroad and locomotive, a daguerrotypy apparatus, and an electric telegraph as presents to the Emperor of Japan. An officer on board writes: The presents were taken on shore and deposited in houses built for their reception. Suitable persons were appointed to learn their use to the Japanese. The railroad was built circular, making a circle of four miles. The telegraph they could not understand so well. The daguerrotypy operation likewise filled them with wonder. Japan is not so much of a civilized country after all. What we have seen did not come up to our expectations. Exaggeration, their own exclusiveness and mystery, have helped to give these people a higher standard than they are entitled to as a nation. We have found them, when it was to be expected they would be most effective in the vicinity of their capital, and the opportunities of a year to prepare, weak and contemptible. As to the military prowess of the nation, it is absurd; a more whimsical farce cannot be seen than that exhibited when they received us on shore. Their miserable attempts at display with tawdry flags, ragged dresses, and painted canvases, are a perfect contrast to our neat uniforms and solid ranks—they, with a few rusty match locks or Tower muskets, broadswords, arrows, and such rude weapons, and the Americans with everything in the perfection of science and order. The dense mass of the lower classes are servile to a disgusting degree, as they may be under the hand of despotism—the despotism of the learned few—the peculiar despotism of Japan, and a perfect system found nowhere else on earth. The upper classes, with whom our intercourse has been confined almost exclusively, and by their own policy, too, are possessed of good manners, and a breeding not unworthy of civilized life; but a nearer acquaintance shows them corrupt, immoral, effeminate, and timid, to an offensive degree.

I am unable to give you any information as to the resources of the country, its productions or its wants, farther than is now known. My own opinion is that a long time will elapse before any trade will be carried on; their wants must first be aroused, before our goods will find a ready market. The wealth of the country is confined among so few that a demand for valuable manufactures is very doubtful. Coal, they say, they have in abundance, and have sent specimens for our inspection; it is light and inflammable, but indifferent and useless for sea steamers. Of gold and silver, we see plenty, as ornaments upon swords and in their coins. Their words, I should remark, are worthy of all that has been written about them—fine temper, high polish, and keen edged; the hill beautifully ornamented with gold and silver. The wedge which we have driven into Japanese exclusiveness, completely and forever separates them from their old policy; and many intelligent men who visit us, acknowledge that they must fall into the spirit of the age. They already talk of building a vessel on our models, and of visiting different parts of the world. The great mass of common people seem remarkably friendly to us, but the officers. The Japanese have no dogs, sheep, ducks, &c., and but few cattle, which they never kill, contenting themselves with fish and vegetables. They eat no animal food.

The day after the official interview, one of our marines, who had died on board ship was buried on shore, with the honors of war. This solemn event was witnessed by its effect. It was an important point yielded by the Japanese to allow this burial; but when consent was once given, they entered with obliging cheerfulness into the arrangements. Some on shore by a long procession of boats, with ensigns at half mast, a detachment of his corps in full uniform met the body of the deceased with presented arms, and so, "slowly and sadly they bore him" to his quiet grave, in a far distant land, and laid him beside the bones and dust of the ancestors of a people who for centuries had closed their doors and their souls to the Christian. There in a Japanese burial ground, the prayers and beautiful words for the dead were said; the pealing masonry rang over his coffin, the earth closed over our comrade, and we returned to our ship, solemnly and silently. Upon our departure, the Japanese priests performed their own ceremonies over the grave, and erected a handsome stone upon the spot.

A domestic, newly engaged, presented to him a morning pair of boots. "How comes it, you say, that these boots are not of the same length?" "I really don't know, sir—but what bothers me the most is that the pair down stairs are in the same fix."

It is an exchange paper asks very innocently if it is any harm for young ladies to sit in the lap of ages? Another replied that it all depends on the kind of ages selected—those from 18 to 25 it puts down as extra hazardous.

Marriage between persons of the same age, is an institution of God. Marriage between an old man and a young woman is an institution of the devil.

A youngster, on coming home from his first term at a boarding school, being asked what he had been fed on, replied, "multiplication table hard, and stewed abstraction."

A foundry has been opened up town to "cast reflections."

The report that a schoolmaster chastised a boy with a railroad switch is doubted.

Why are cashmere shawls like deaf people? Because you can't make them here.

The gentleman who has been trying to raise the wind, had himself blown all over town.

The man who courted an investigation, says it is not half as good as an affectionate girl. We expect not.

The apostles of error are never so dangerous as when they appear in the guise of gray-headed old men.

The ripest fruit often grows on the roughest walls.

It is the smallest wheel of a carriage that comes in first.

The learned Pig did not learn its letters in a day.

True merit, like the pearl inside an oyster, is content to remain quiet until it finds an opening.

The top strawberries are eaten the first.

He who leaves early gets the best hat.

Pride sleeps in a gilded crown—Contentment in a cotton night-cap.

The most difficult ascent—getting up a subscription.

It is a remarkable fact that the letters w-o-n-g are invariably pronounced wrong.

The Democrat

is published every Thursday morning, at 10 o'clock immediately over the Post Office, Main Street, Eaton, Ohio, at the following rates: \$1.50 per annum, in advance. \$2.00 if not paid within the year, and \$2.50 after the year has expired. These rates will be rigidly enforced. No paper discontinued until all arrearages are paid, unless at the option of the publisher. All communications addressed to the Editors must be sent free of postage to insure attention. No communication inserted, unless accompanied by a responsible name.

"I was Young but now am Old."

What a volume of thought is awakened by these words of the old poet king of Israel, especially when, as we repeat them, we find our own experience corresponding with his. We were young long time ago, and all youth's delicious dreams, and exquisite hopes, and cherished illusions have been ours. We looked out upon the world as a fair and beautiful life-garden, whose every green shoot was to bear some fragrant flower or luscious fruit. How we revelled in the anticipation of friendships and loves that seemed to beckon us to their bosom! How we rejoiced in the totality of our achievements and triumphs that awaited us in life! How we built our castles in the air with all the assurance which men ever felt when building on granite or adamant.

But we are getting old. Gray hairs are sprinkled here and there, where formerly flaxen ringlets toyed and dallied with the breeze. Pains and weakness of body remind us of departed buoyancy and vigor; the friends of our youth are vanished; the dreams of youth are over and gone; the golden haze of the future has given place to cold, gray clouds, and wintry winds moan around the decaying tabernacle of flesh. Happy is it for those who, while growing old, have been laying up a treasure of sweet and virtuous memories, and can look forward to the close of life as to a lying down to a peaceful night's rest in expectation of a bright and glorious morning.

Man's Uncharitableness.

If the sovereign of the universe were as uncharitable as his human creatures who inhabit this earth, the whole human race would long since have been swept away in its wrath. Men who would read this Union to pieces, because some real or imaginary evil exists in its Constitution, and has become the object of their unquenchable hatred, might staid with profit the long suffering forbearance of the great Ruler. But poor, foolish man makes but a sad use of the lessons which the merciful Providence of the Supreme Lawgiver teaches.

Instead of loving, he hates; instead of cultivating charity, he harbors malice and gives the rein to his worst passions. Instead of patiently endeavoring to reform evils, he too often is ready to rush into the wildest extremes. He follows impulse, when sober reason should guide.

Strange too, that the men who have the least charity, who are ready to persecute, persecute, and destroy in the achievements of their purposes, claim to be the most zealous servants of the most loyal soldiers of the King of Heaven. Paul once thought he was doing God's service, when he was a persecutor and fighting against God. In this respect Paul has had many imitators. In his uncharitableness he has many followers; in his labors of love but few, out of the great human family of the present day.—N. Y. Sun.

What is a Top?

A Mr. Stark, in a lecture before the Young Men's Association at Troy, N. Y., thus describes a top:

The top is a complete specimen of an outside philosopher. It has one-third collar, one-sixth patent leather, one-fourth walking stick, and the rest hair and hair. As to his remote ancestor, he is some doubt; but how pretty well it is that he is the son of a tailor's goose. He is somewhat nervous, and to dream of tailors' bills gives him the nightmare. By his hair one would suppose he had been dipped like Achilles; but it is evident the goddess must have held him by the head instead of the heel. Nevertheless, such men are useful. If there were no tadpoles, there would be no frogs. They are not so entirely to blame for being devoted to externals. Panto diamonds must have a splendid setting to make them sell. Only it seems to be a waste of material to put five dollars worth of material on five cents worth of brains.

What meal is pleasanter than a Sabbath morning breakfast at home, in the bosom of your family? The bright sunshine streams through your curtained windows, the far off sound of holy bells, is wafted upon the breeze, and before and around you are the sweet smiles of those you love. The cares of the world are temporarily forgotten, and a brighter and holier feeling dawns upon your heart. You experience in the full sense of the word that the Sabbath is a day of rest and prayer, and the holy influence of the time and hour makes you a better and happier man.

Philosophers tell us that since the creation of the world not one single particle of matter has been lost. It may have passed into new shapes, it may have floated away into smoke or vapor, but it was not lost; it will come back again in the dew or rain, it will spring up in the fibre of the plant, or paint itself on the rose leaf. Through all its transformations, Providence watches over it and directs it still. Even so it is with every holy thought or ardent desire, or humble aspiration, or generous and self-denying effort. It may escape our observation, we may be unable to follow it, but it is an element of the moral world, and it is not lost.

A type of Troy N. Y., was cheated out of a dollar the other day by a boy who offered him a ring, saying he was from the country and had no money to pay his fare home. Type paid him a dollar, and on investigating the value of his purchase found it worth three or four cents.

Bunbury says the reason why the ladies wear such small bonnets, is a just one. They have of making nature and art contrive, having nothing inside of their heads, they put as near to nothing as possible on the outside. The but!

The best of men are sometimes short. We know a clergyman who isn't above three feet, and a deacon who never has a sixpence about him.

The ladies wear something on the back of their heads in the shape of an inverted oyster shell, and call the same a bonnet.

The man who holds the ladder at the bottom is frequently of more service than he who is stationed at the top of it.

Contentment is to the mind what a frame is to a cucumber—sustaining it, and lifting it even from a dunghill.

Men make their chief sacrifice to love before they marry—Women, (poor creatures) after.

Night-dreams are the many colored mental patch-work made from the spare clippings of our day-thoughts.

The turtle, though brought in at the great gate, takes the head of the table.